

Loved

Hidden from the road by brambles and bushes a secret world waited with open arms. A satin creek wound through the trees, making a way for itself here and there. Some places it flowed gently, other places the water was dashed against small rocks. Across the creek sat a log, like the hand of God across a satin sheet. A canopy of branches protected us from the light sprinkle outside our shelter. The ground's aroma of wet leaves filled me with excitement. Water dripped from the muscular arms of the giant green trees that watched over us with care. Our shoes were no longer dry, and our socks were black with mud. We three little girls plopped down on the log. Placing our feet gingerly in the rippled water, shrieks and giggles escaped every mouth. Forcing ourselves to withstand the cold, we tried again. Numbness spread through our crimson toes as we dug them playfully in the mud. Smiles emanated from every face. Soon troubles spilled like sand in an hour glass. Hugs went around like chips at a party. Prayers echoed up to a God we knew was listening. Tears rolled off one nose as the other two held her tight. In an embrace that said more than words could explain, we listened to the laughing creek, always flowing sure and steady. A bird sang a bittersweet melody with the rain and peacefulness surrounded us with a closeness to our creator. In triumphant tones we sang, Amazing Grace. More tears trickled as the words of the old hymn told of three little girls in the arms of a merciful

savior. As the sun peeked through the glittering trees, we removed our feet from the water. Leaving the quiet place, I walked my separate way and as the rain kissed my face, I smiled.

Sometimes I feel like that creek. Gentle and peaceful flowing sure and steady. Other times I feel as if I am being dashed against rocks. Like the raindrops, I might as well be falling. In those few hours, my feet submerged heart and soul of that gentle flow, I knew who I was and where I belonged. I hope one day I can be that creek to someone. I long to be one to come in times of trouble, and a friend in times of need. Those two girls who sat with me through my struggles were that creek to me.

To that creek I will return with my comrades-in-arms. In the midst of God's lilting melody, I will sit with my feet in the heart of that creek. I am God's little girl. I'm a rainbow, proclaiming the glory of my king. I'm the rain, kissing the faces of all the down-trodden and assuring them of a powerful love. Like the water in the creek, the love of God flows through me. I am loved.